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"To the poor little Ex-King the flunky problem became enormous. They even made him follow behind common dukes."

NEWEST TROUBLES OF LITTLE EX-KING MANUEL.

(Soon To Be Married)

Snubbed by Europe's Courts, Has to Ride into His Fiancee's Village on a Pole, and the Most Beautiful Blonde in Paris Draws a Most Unflattering Horoscope of His Approaching Marriage

EX-KING MANUEL, of Portugal, continues to find life just one sad trouble after another. He is always jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Even now that he has turned to his one last resort—matrimony—he finds no way out. In fact, it looks as though this last way would lead him more deeply into trouble than ever.

There is an old saying that when a man marries his troubles begin, but Manuel's began long before matrimony became dangerously imminent. There are times when it looks as though Manuel invited rather than avoided trouble.

And in deciding to marry the Princess Augustine Victoria of Hohenzollern, a connection of the Kaiser, Manuel is certainly running toward, rather than from, trouble. It will greet him as he enters his fiancée's village on the Danube, and it will follow him all through his married life.

Manuel's present troubles and tribulations come from his social experiences at the European courts. There is no getting away from the fact that Manuel has been a King; that he has royal blood in his veins; that he has royal characteristics. When first sent into exile he was so overcome with the magnitude of his tragedy that he gave no thought to the mere pinpricks of his life.

But as time passed these pinpricks developed into stabs and he began to suffer keenly. He found that in losing his kingship he had lost the right to be kowtowed to. He found that the man in the street was as ready to crowd him off the sidewalk as though he were an everyday citizen; that women no longer walked backward from his presence, but tripped out gaily, treading on his once-royal toes if he got in their way. This was all very forgivable if the ladies were fair and frail, but when stout, ugly dowagers pushed him aside to make room for their pet dogs it was a sadly different thing.

Manuel was offered, as we all know, a home in England, and an allowance was arranged for him. He was very happy with this arrangement because he did not have to stay in England; he could stay in Paris, so he thought.

In the midst of a wonderful Parisian

visit, when his youthful spirits were recovering from the shock of his Lisbon experiences, the men behind his allowance sent him word that they were perfectly willing to support him, but that they did not intend to support the habits of the Paris cafes.

He began to go about socially, but trouble still pursued him. Dowagers not only pushed him aside as of yore, but even the servants treated him with scant courtesy. Driven to desperation at the slights he fancied royalty was responsible for, he recently took a stand that leads England to laugh. This haughty little ex-monarch, living through the generosity of royalty, sent word to his friends that in future he was to be accorded all the privileges of a reigning monarch.

This declaration meant that in the future Manuel must not be invited as an ordinary guest, but that he should be allowed to invite himself. Also that a list of guests that were to be invited to meet him should be used by him.

This might have been granted the foolish little ex-King, but he went further. At the recent drawing room he was unlucky enough to step on the train of a very unpleasant old frump, a dowager Duchess who has a serpent's tongue.

The frump dowager turned and, pushing the ex-King with her elbow, said, "Young man, did they teach you no manners where you came from?"

And one of the flunkies nearby ordered him to stand against the wall and keep out of the way of his betters.

This incident sent Manuel home in a towering rage, and he again announced that he should be accepted as a King or not at all; that the occupants of a room should rise when he entered; that he should precede everyone else unless the King and Queen were present; that men should stand uncovered in his presence, and that every pet dog, belonging to he cared not who, should be kept out of his sight.

But London laughed at him and continues to treat him as an ordinary citizen. The English court sets this fashion, and during his recent visit at the Czar's court he was not even saluted by the Palace Guards, and one big Cossack soldier

shoved him away from the palace door with his spear.

He has, however, one privilege at Buckingham Palace—he is allowed precedence before any peer of the realm, but it is given him as a courtesy, not as a right.

Another thing that troubles Manuel is that in London he cannot wear the dress uniform of a ruling monarch; he has to be content with that of a colonel; with the exception of the skirt, he has to wear the uniform as that worn by the little Princess Mary. This is in itself a horrible blow.

Having been treated so shabbily by the various royalties of Europe, is it any wonder that he chooses a German bride? The Kaiser, to date, is the one monarch who has not snubbed Manuel. He has use for him. He has long had him in mind as the husband of the Princess Augustine, and so no snubs were permitted on the one visit that Manuel made to Berlin.

He is to marry a very rich and important princess, a member of a family that considers the Kaiser himself to be an upstart; but will he find happiness in matrimony? No, and neither will the princess.

What chance for happiness have they? Manuel has no desire to marry. He is not fitted to play the part of a husband. He is young, impressionable; he is skilled at playing the lover, but knows nothing of what being a husband means, and especially the husband of a German princess.

Coerced by circumstances, driven desperate by his troubles—social, financial, personal—he will take the step that will only lead him deeper into trouble!

At the very gate of his future home trouble awaits Manuel. On the eve of his wedding he will have to enter the village riding astride a pole carried shoulder high by several of her peasants; he will be carried around the fountain in the market place a dozen times, and, while trying to keep his balance, he will scatter cakes and bonbons on both sides to the laughing villagers.

But in his domestic life he will have more troubles than in his public career, for Manuel is not cut out for matrimony. In looking into his future, Mile. Dorgere says: "This marriage will not mark the end of Manuel's troubles; only the beginning of new ones."



Mile. Dorgere, the Most Beautiful Blonde in Paris Who Says That Manuel Can Never Be Happy with One Wife.

Making One Grain of Wheat Produce 30,000 in a Year

Great interest is taken in France just now in a new method by which the yield of crops per acre is enormously increased. In one test case the increase of wheat has been three times above that grown in similar soil in the same neighborhood. The remarkable value of the method is indicated by the statement that it has made twenty grains of wheat produce 700,000 in one year.

The method consists in preparing seed-beds in widely spaced lines on very mellow land; then at the end of two months dividing the turfs springing from each grain, replanting each of these rooted shoots thus detached, and finally in hoeing and earthing up these new plants many times in such manner as to provoke at all the points brought into intimate contact with the earth the growth of numerous adventitious shoots, each of which bears an ear.

The system is not really new, but a very ancient one, used immemorially by the Chinese, and to it is due the enormous yield of their fields, which have been treated like gardens. While our farmers throw broadcast handfuls of grain on the harrowed earth, offering rich pasturage to pillaging birds and rodents, the Chinaman, after furrowing the earth with his wooden plowshare, without turning it, crumbles each lump in his hands till it is like fine powder. This done, at planting time he walks slowly down each furrow, carrying a grain drill which is a marvel of ingenious simplicity.

Picture to yourself two pointed plowshares about twenty inches apart and connected by a transverse bar supporting a hopper filled with grain, from which issue two slender bamboo tubes designed to conduct the grains so that each will drop in the wake of one of the shares. The diameter of each tube is just great enough to allow the passage of one grain at a time without letting it

drop until it receives the impulse of a slight shock given by means of the handles which complete the apparatus.

The sower pushes the drill in front of him, inclining it now to the right and now to the left, in such a way that each inclination causes the issue of a single seed, which is instantly pressed under by the track of one foot or the other. Each grain is thus planted at a distance of sixteen to twenty inches from its neighbors in every direction.

At the end of a few weeks germination begins. When the young plant is ten or twelve inches in height there are a score of stalks about its stem, each provided with a fringe of rootlets. The farmer covers each with loose earth by means of careful hoeing, thus raising the level of the furrow. Each stalk again proliferates, and there are soon fifteen to twenty new stalks around its stem, which detach themselves. All are the indirect issue of a single grain, which proves therefore to have been the parent of 300 to 400 stalks, each bearing an ear.

Transferring this method to experimental fields and perfecting it, it has been found possible to separate from the stem each of the primitive stalklets with its own roots, transplant it, and then treat in the same way each of the new plants thus formed.

An Algerian French farmer, Mr. Bourdiol-Humbert, has been planting wheat and oats in the same fields for five years, without the application of manure. He makes his furrows thirty-six inches apart and plants the seeds therein at a distance of twenty inches from each other. Then he harrows the earth, constantly, stirring the soil, destroying its parasites and keeping it pulverized. For five years, without fertilizing, without distribution of crops, and without rotation, he has harvested an average yield of 1,800 pounds of oats per acre and 1,600 of wheat, while his neighbor's yield was a scant 830 pounds of oats and 500 of wheat.

What's Going to Happen to Manuel?

By Mile. DORGERE,
The Most Beautiful Blonde in Paris.

MANUEL has no talent for matrimony. He is not cut out for the life monogamous. Manuel is even more than other males, polygamous. To him there is not only safety, but happiness, in numbers. How, then, can he be happy with one wife, and she of the temperament phlegmatic?

The woman who could hold Manuel, who could keep him both lover and husband is a blonde. Manuel being young, ardent and a brunette—a true Latin—can be held only by a true blonde. She must be all fire, her temperament more intense, more ardent, than Manuel's. Always she must never let Manuel be sure of her. She must keep him always what the English call anxious. Never must he feel that he has sounded every depth. Manuel is optimistic. He is also thoroughly masculine; he must always feel that there are fresh worlds ahead for him to conquer.

Manuel has a quick, hot temper. If he throws a fat cushion at his valet when his morning coffee is cold, she must not cajole Manuel, but throw a plate at him.

Manuel likes to read his morning paper uninterrupted. The woman who will keep him lover as well as husband will tempt him with kisses, with arch coquetry, to drop his

paper. Never will she let him read it—never will she show temper when he begins to read it.

Having no subtlety, he must be handled with great subtlety. Has the good Princess Augustine finesse. But no!

It is not the great things that will send Manuel back to Paris, to London—only the little happenings of daily life.

The woman to keep Manuel should be petite, slender, have the svelte, sleek grace of a tiger cat, with its cleverness, too.

The woman who would hold Manuel will love him as he loves her—will love him with the fierceness of the predatory male, the primitive man—not with the maternal calmness mixed with the pale passion of the hausfrau.

Manuel has the habit of throwing his dressing brushes at anyone who disagrees with him politically before breakfast. Is the good Princess of Hohenzollern able to meet this situation when it rises?

She will see that he has his morning coffee served hot with three lumps of sugar, but she will not play the siren, and it is only the siren woman who will keep Manuel always as lover.



The Four Phases of the Honeymoon as Seen by the Beautiful Mile. Dorgere. The First Quarter—Manuel Embraces. The Second—Manuel's Interest Wanes. The Third—The Princess Objects. When Manuel's Like the Moon. The Fourth—See Manuel Leaving His Princess to Pursue a New and Strange "Comet."